



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

WAITING  
AN ALLEGORICAL STORY

BY SARSON G. J. INDIAN  
AUTHOR OF  
LEARNED AND THE ALLEGORICAL STORY

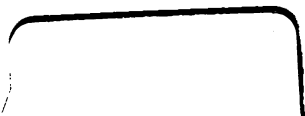


ILLUSTRATED





600089031R



1483 f. 11

11

11

11

11

11

# WAITING:

*An Allegorical Story.*



# WAITING :

*An Allegorical Story.*

BY

SARSON C. J. INGHAM,

AUTHOR OF

*"Eleanor's Ambition"; "The Archer's Chance Shot," &c.*

ILLUSTRATED BY W. GUNSTON.



WESLEYAN METHODIST SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION,  
2, LUDGATE CIRCUS BUILDINGS, E.C.; 2, CASTLE STREET, CITY ROAD, E.

1885.





BEMROSE & SONS,  
PRINTERS,  
23, OLD BAILEY, LONDON, E.C.  
AND DERRY.

# CONTENTS.

---

CHAPTER I.		
THE WILL	- - - - -	<i>Page</i> 1
CHAPTER II.		
THE DISCIPLINE BEGINS	- - - - -	8
CHAPTER III.		
THE MEANING OF PATIENCE	- - - - -	13
CHAPTER IV.		
EXCELLENCE ALWAYS FAR OFF	- - - - -	17
CHAPTER V.		
THE SICKNESS OF SUSPENSE	- - - - -	29
CHAPTER VI.		
THEOPHILE WAITS AND PLEADS	- - - - -	36
CHAPTER VII.		
WAITING FOR A VERDICT	- - - - -	42
CHAPTER VIII.		
WAITING FOR THE WORLD	- - - - -	49
CHAPTER IX.		
PATIENT WAITING FOR CHRIST	- - - - -	56



# ILLUSTRATIONS.

---

## I.

“AS ANGELS SIGH, THEOPHILE SIGHED.”—*Chap. I.*

## II.

“WHAT IS PATIENCE, PAPA?”—*Chap. III.*

## III.

“‘MY JEWELS!’ SAID RUBI.”—*Chap. V.*

## IV.

“WONDERING IF ANY OF THEM WERE AS LONELY AS SHE WAS.”

*Chap. VII.*







"AS ANGELS SIGH, THEOPHILE SIGHED."—p. 6.



# WAITING.

---

## CHAPTER I.

### THE WILL.

**E**VERY time that a new little lamp of existence is lit upon earth, God chooses one of His angels to come down and witness it, and He gives that angel charge concerning it, telling him that he must keep watch over the child all his journey through. He must do his utmost to keep him from evil, to incline him to good, and to bring him safely home to Heaven through all the troublous paths of this mortal life.

And the angel is bidden to look through a glass *which is made clear to his eye only.*



In it he sees the child passing through the future that awaits him, and knows what his joys and sorrows, his aids and temptations, his failures and victories, will be. He also learns much of the character of the child, with its various noblenesses and besetments. But that which chiefly concerns the angel is to know how he is to be made better. Unseen, he is to educate his soul; if possible, to exalt and purify it; and he cannot learn how to do this from the pictures he sees in the glass. Every soul requires discipline, but the discipline of each is separate, peculiar to itself. This deep secret God makes known to the guardian angel in a sealed scroll, which goes in Heaven by no other name than the Will.

Its contents are so great a mystery that, if it were not sealed, no one would comprehend them but him to whom it is entrusted. When he has read it he hides it in his bosom for further reference: then he never forgets to execute its instructions upon his human charge; and hence arises much of what mortals call mysterious providences, the mystery of life, fate, or ascribe to an imagined star of destiny.

*So it came to pass* that one morning in a rich *man's house*, midway between a dark pine forest

and a mountain that in the twilight looked as if it were covered with nodding plumes, a little girl baby entered upon existence, weeping as all human beings have done since the gates of paradise were closed on them.

She would have been welcomed with smiles, but that her young mother lay sick and nigh to death, so that no one had much heart to think about her. Yet there was thought of her in Heaven. The beautiful angel Theophile, with his high, pure brow, and his eye like a star, and his voice of praise, that was apt to melt away into long pauses of adoration, received the commission to be the girl baby's guardian angel.

To him it was given to look into the glass of her destiny. As he looked his face quivered with such sympathy as happy spirits may feel with those who dwell in tabernacles of flesh ; but no expression of doubt or questioning passed over it ; and at the close of his inspection it cleared into his wonted serenity, as he enquired :

"What is the discipline by which this soul is to be perfected and brought to her Father's house in peace ?" For all answer he received the scroll which

was the Will. He opened it, and its secret writing shone out before him in characters of fire, though there was only one word to keep in mind :

### **Waiting.**

Theophile put the scroll in his bosom, folded his hands and bowed his head silently before the Throne; for the discipline, he knew, must be wearing to the flesh and spirit of her whose guardian he must henceforth be.

Then he left the shining ranks, only bearing beneath his wing his tuneful lyre. He shot like a star through the blue heavens below, and a hundred white clouds were scattered by the wind-wings on which his golden ones were outspread.

On his way he met a band of angels who were bearing from earth the spirit of a lady who had died. She did not look upwards; she looked down wistfully. By that Theophile knew that she was a mother, and could not in her happiness forget the little ones from whom she had been taken. Theophile saluted his brothers and the new sister spirit, and then enquired :

*By what means has Earth been so soon deprived of this fair flower ?*

"Joy," said the angel on whose bosom she leaned. "She paled often beneath excess of joy, and the music of her babe's first cry killed her."

"How rarely is this the experience of mortals," returned Theophile. "Her heart must have been perilously fashioned. It had been better to have borne herself beneath her gladness temperately. Henceforth she will sustain, unhurt, fulness of joy and an increasing weight of glory."

A few moments after he reached a castellated mansion, where the blinds were drawn. He entered a chamber where a new and tender life was gaining strength with every breath it drew; but the chamber was also the chamber of death; for it was the soul of the sweet young mother Theophile had seen carried upward. By its likeness to the calm, dead face upon the pillow he knew it was; for spirit-features bear the impression of the mould from which they have just retired, and which they have formed in growing; albeit that, having cast it off, they become more lovely and refined; while Heaven's radiance reflected on them glorifies them, as it could not glorify flesh and blood.

*The lady's auburn hair fell around her like a veil.*

and the pride of the first-born was forgotten by her husband, who bowed his head upon her pillow, weeping as only strong men are ever known to weep.

Theophile looked tenderly upon the little stranger. When a child is left fatherless and motherless, a guardian angel holds his responsibility to be doubled; and when a poor orphan is without a wise and tender friend, and has only wicked associates, then he keeps beside him constantly.

That is why so many children in the streets have miraculous escapes from accidents, and it accounts, too, for many whose hearts, being made pure by a still higher power, are saved from pollution; when, if they were left to themselves, they must undoubtedly have become profligate and coarse.

Theophile threw his golden wing over the cradle while he kissed the baby that was reckoned his in Heaven, placing his hand upon it in holiest benediction.

"Poor little motherless thing," said the nurse; "it smiles in its sleep; the angels have soon begun talking to it."

*As angels sigh, Theophile sighed at that moment. He thought of the life discipline he had to see ful-*

filled ; but it could not begin yet, so he left the babe to its sweet unconsciousness, and, after discoursing some strange music in the ear of the stricken mourner who sat in the shadow, he left him comforted, and went back to his shining realms on the golden ladder that is let down every sunset.

So dawned life on Rubi von Edelstein in the grey castellated home we have described. Rubi was the name her father subsequently gave her at the font. Previous to the administration of the rite of baptism the chaplain reminded him that it was not a Christian name.

“That matters not,” he said. “You know to whom belongs all the jewels of the earth. He disdains not to compare His children to them. Why, then, may I not compare mine to one that can carry so rich a well of colour and light ? I will have her Rubi, in the hope that she may resemble the jewel that the cruel spoiler Death has torn away from me.”





## CHAPTER II.

### THE DISCIPLINE BEGINS.

**L**ITTLE RUBI sate on a hassock in her grandmother Von Edelstein's dressing-room. She had been brought in that the old lady might see the new white frock she wore, and honour it with her approval. For it was Rubi's seventh birthday, and presently several carriages would roll up to the castle with her little guests. Above all, her dear father was expected every hour. He had been off again upon his travels, and the great trial of Rubi's life so far was that he found it impossible to stay home for long together. Frequently he went away leaving his little daughter desolate, for no one was so dear to her as he

was. He had no sooner gone than she began to enquire when he would come back. Every day and many times in a day she asked the question, and was told, "Oh, not for a long time! Too soon to think about it yet."

After a while they would say, "In a few days," and so on, until they said, "To-morrow." But Rubi's questions grew wearisome to those about her, and she often received for answer, "Patience, little Rubi; worrying will not bring papa any earlier; but if you will be quiet and wait, you will see him as soon as time and the tides bring him home to us."

The child was very lovely; she had the warm blush of June's red rose upon her cheek, her long dark lashes shadowed it, and her auburn hair crept in tiny rings over her high white forehead.

But, though she was radiantly happy at times, there were others when she looked pensive and oppressed, vaguely conscious of a want that not all the choice things showered on her could supply.

Presently her grandmamma, who was wont to speak to her as if she were seventeen rather than seven, drew a polished walnut box out of her cabinet, and ~~un-~~*locked it before her questioning eyes,*



The box was lined with soft quilted satin, faded now, but still inviting looking.

"Come hither, Rubi," said the old lady; "I will show thee thy mother's jewels. Then papa will be here before thou art well aware."

With rapt delight the child gazed on the beautiful flashing colours, taken now with the purple jacinth then fascinated with the rare green emerald, and anon transported with the red flame prisoned in the opal's crystal shrine.

And her grandmother, not knowing what she did, hung ropes of pearl around her neck, and put fair jewels on her arms, with rings upon her tiny fingers. Then, making her hold her arms up that not a gem might be scattered, she showed her the reflection in the mirror. "All these will be thine one day, darling Rubi."

"On Christmas Day?" pleaded Rubi. "Will the Christ-child give me them, or must I wait all the time till next birthday?"

"All the time till next birthday ten times over, I should think," said her grandmother in amze. "Perhaps thou wilt not have them till thou art come of age or married. But now I must take them off Rubi; and I bid thee ask no more to see

them, since the sight of them awakens the desire to have them. Thou must only think about them in silence. Remember that while they are kept from thee they are thine, and no one can take them from thee."

Large tears gathered in Rubi's eyes, as she transferred them from her neck and arms to the casket.

"If they are my very own, may not I wear some of them to-night?"

"No, thou art too young a child; thy father would be angry to see them on thee."

"Then, let me look at them when I wish; they are so very pretty."

"Better not: I was weak to show thee them to-day. I am getting old and foolish; I will not do it again. But, patience! Rubi, patience!"

"Grandma, what does patience mean?"

"It means many things, more than I like to think of; but it is better than a casket of jewels."

"Then what is it?"

"Ask thy father, and he will tell thee. I can practise it better than he, but he will talk about it more wisely."

"Why! there's the sound of wheels," said Rubi. *Don't you hear them, grandma?"*

"No, I don't."

But in a few seconds the old lady did hear them, and soon the little white frock was being rumped and crumpled, while the wearer of it flung her arms around the neck of a dusty traveller, crying—

"Oh! papa, how long your Rubi has waited for you. I thought this time that you were never coming back to me."

"Never, is a long day, little one," he said; "but now you have me, you must make the most of me."







"WHAT IS PATIENCE, PAPA?"—p. 14.



## CHAPTER III.

### THE MEANING OF PATIENCE.

**J**OY at her father's return and the pleasure of the birthday-party banished Rubi's regret for the long time that must elapse ere she could wear her mother's jewels, or as much as look at them. Besides, even her child's conscience taught her that it would be ungrateful to show discontent for what she might not have, when she was the recipient of so many pretty birth-day gifts. Fairy tales between green and gold covers, flowers, strings of coral, painted toys and dolls dressed like queens, all went to enrich her store of treasures, and her lips were warm with kisses

that had more love in them than even the presents had.

The next day, when after dinner she sat upon the Baron's knee, he asked her what she had learned while he had been from home. She told him as well as she could remember. She could play the German Rhine with both hands on the piano, and was deep in the major scales. She could say Erl König and the multiplication table to six times, with various other newly acquired accomplishments; but she didn't know what patience meant, and grandmamma said that even she could not tell her, though she knew how to practise it. "So, papa, what does it mean?" urged Rubi.

"Why do you wish to know?" enquired her father.

"Because when I ask when you will come back too many times over, everybody says, 'Patience.' When I'm vexed because of my bad copies, Fräulein Scholl says 'Patience.' When I want to learn a little new tune, it's 'Patience,' and Patience is better than all mamma's jewels; but I mayn't ask for them any more. Grandma says 'Patience.' So what is patience, papa?"

*The Baron* looked grave. He had not meant

her to see the jewels till she came into possession of them, and he thought it was a pity that the desire for them had been excited while she was still so young. It would be better for her to forget them, so he should request his mother not to show them to her again. Rubi thought he was never going to answer her question.

"You can tell me what patience is, papa? Grandma says you can, though you can't practise it. She says it means so many things."

The Baron laughed. "It does mean many things; one to grandma and another to me; but to you it means—

"Wait a little longer."

'Oh! I see," said Rubi; "but I don't think that waiting is better than a casket of jewels. I hate waiting. Yet how funny it is that I didn't see that patience meant waiting before, for it's only when I've to wait that anyone looks sternly at me and says 'Patience.'"

Rubi did not forget the jewels, as her father had hoped. How could she? Her nature was too vivid, too much in sympathy with the joys to be derived from colour and sound. But she ceased



to mention them, for her grandmother had chidden her when she asked her to open the casket once again.

Jewels were only vanities, she said, and she must think of other things.

But the sight of a prism in the water, or on the wall, or the sparkle of dew upon the grass, recalled them. Often did she close her eyes tightly at night and bury them in her pillow that the optical delusion of gems and diamonds might compensate her for the absence of the reality.

She fretted inwardly at being denied them until she was grown up. Then she said, "I will be patient; patience means 'Wait a little longer.' All the time I wait must bring them nearer"; and if she forgot to comfort herself with her father's lesson, Theophile whispered it to her, assuring her, moreover, that patience must be better than the object that exercised it, or her grandmother would not have told her so.





## CHAPTER IV.

EXCELLENCE ALWAYS FAR OFF.

**E**IGHT years passed over Rubi's head, ripening her and bringing to her the kind of loveliness that belongs to the later weeks of Spring in the rich wine countries of her native Germany. Though a well beloved, richly dowered child, she was a very lonely one. Her teachers were wise mentors, and she took docilely the knowledge they imparted, never dreaming that they might foregather with her. Her grandmother called forth her love and tenderness, but the decaying touch of nature gradually deprived her of those faculties which might have responded to Rubi's wakening ones ;

her young acquaintances lived too far from her to be more than occasional guests, and her father, though his society made her paradise, never remained long at home with her. The doom of the Wandering Jew might have been upon him, so frequently did he go abroad, leaving his daughter to renew the weary waiting she had early learned to dread, and to pronounce over and over again the word "patience," as if it were a charm.

Neither Adam nor Eve would have been happy alone in Eden.

Yet there were sympathies in nature to which Rubi was not indifferent. In the dusk the hearse like plumes upon the mountain nodded to her, and seemed to assure her that sorrow was universal, and that its aftertaste might be sweet if the first experience was bitter. The stars reminded her that God was in Heaven and she upon earth; that He saw her and myriads more who were as dear to Him as she was, and that it mattered not so much that she should be happy as that she should be good. When she went into the forest in the early morning, or at noon, the birds sang to her, the nightingale rehearsed the song he would warble to the moon at night, the lark

spurned the earth and mounted skywards, fishes darted hither and thither in the pool which could not catch the sunshine for the trees that looked down in it, and speedwells of Heaven's own blue, with violets and forget-me-nots, looked up from the tufted grass as a pledge that Love had sown its little seedlings where few steps cared to penetrate but hers.

And Rubi had learned how the current in her own veins might be enriched by the "precious life-blood of a master-spirit," as it is communicated in his books.

In her father's library, she could without presumption sit at the feet of intellectual giants. There she was happy; she knew no dissatisfaction until she longed for her own soul to shoot up to their stature. Like the tourist, who wonders when he shall see the highest peak of the Alps, the view of what was yet to be learned and known oppressed her.

With tears she said to her teachers, "Why knew I not this before? Why can I not solve this problem or pierce through this mystery?"

"Patience," they always said. "You are no slow learner. You cannot in your teens go the circle of the sciences. Knowledge is infinite, the mind finite; but you will have a larger comprehension by-

and-by. While you are a child, you will think as a child, and understand as a child; you must wait till you are grown up before you can succeed in putting away your childish things."

Meanwhile, Theophile warned her of the vanities of self-love and of intellectual desire; told her that the issues of life were in the heart, and admonished her to be humble and little in her own eyes. Sometimes she yielded to him, and prayed for grace to behave as quietly as the still small voice adjured her to; at other times she resisted, and answered loftily, that her intellectual needs were very great, and the wish to gratify them was noble.

Often did Theophile retire from the argument worsted, but he never gave up hope. Duty required Rubi to spend much of her time with her aged grandmother, who was never so happy as when she was in her sight; but her father, perceiving on every visit how fast she was growing into womanhood, and how well her education had progressed, said that it was time for her to see the life of towns, and she must occasionally be his companion to Rome, to Berlin, or to Munich. The old lady fretted at the prospect of *losing her for even a few weeks*, declaring that it was

cruel, and she should never survive to welcome her return. Rubi was sadly disappointed to find that there was a barrier to her hopes; yet she pleaded to remain with her grandmother, saying that she could not know a moment's happiness with the fear tormenting her that she missed her and was ill at ease.

Her scruples, however, had to yield to her father's authority. He imagined that in a day or two his mother would cease to feel the want of her, and that Rubi ought not to be too relentlessly sacrificed to the exactions of one now in her second childhood; so he took his daughter to Munich, anticipating the revel that her musical and artistic tastes must find in that delightful city.

Nor was he disappointed. The maiden, fresh from the solitudes of nature, filled her eye and the picture-galleries of her brain with the grave, imposing architecture of its cathedrals and its palaces, with the creations in colour and in form of the great masters. But from the Oratorio she went up into the seventh heaven. Her rapture was so intense that it bordered upon pain; she almost swooned *beneath it*. It left her so excited that it was *unwise*

to seek her pillow till her pulses were subdued. Her father indulged her in her desire to talk, and was fired by her eloquence and the glow communicated from her own enthusiasm.

"Strange, the change of sentiment, the play of emotions, that the shifting of a few chords can produce in the soul," she said.

"Strange, that one moment a golden-lipped instrument should terrify you with the dread of judgment, and your conscience should try to hurry you into a hiding place; and that another cadence should break in, and make you feel as happy and as innocent as a little choiring cherubim."

"Such emotions are not known to all even beneath the powerful spell of music," said the Baron.

As she talked her beauty was lighted up into a radiance that bespoke the lustre of her mind. Rightly was she christened Rubi, thought her father, while he remembered that she could look sad enough upon occasion, and that her animation was not sustained by the circumstances of her outward life.

"So much solitude is hurtful to her," he said. "She must see more of towns and travel more frequently with me."

In the morning he awaited impatiently the first sight of her bright young face, expecting it to wear the same look that it had done at night. But all was changed. Her lips were tremulous, her eyes showed signs of weeping, and the colour had faded from her cheek. He enquired tenderly of the cause.

"I hardly know myself," she said.

"Ah! reaction after too keen a tension," he replied. "But is it only a mood which will pass? Are there no sad thoughts that you can tell me of, my child?"

"Just a few discontented ones, papa. The Oratorio has done me harm. Last night I was in Heaven; to-day I feel the fall to earth. I shall never like, I shall never have patience with my own music again, or any I hear at the castle. Only concerted strains will gratify me. I shall want my ears to be filled with a whole orchestra, and, oh! for how brief a period may I renew a delight, which formerly I knew not, but which henceforth must seem almost like a necessity!"

"What you feel is only natural," said her father. "It will pass and you will find that you can be pleased with even a ballad sung by a wandering minstrel, or an air played by machinery. Besides, you



are often to come to the town. Think of that when in lonely hours you dwell upon the pleasures that you had in Munich. The enjoyment that the mind has last known always seems of the greatest importance. To-day I will not take you to the Oratorio, but to an entertainment that will reconcile you to instrumental music, and stimulate you to diligence in your own practice. There will be a performance of eminent soloists in the town-hall. We shall hear marvels of skill, no doubt. Let us see if the hearing of a full orchestra has rendered us incapable of appreciating them."

Rubi went, and was charmed in spite of her prediction. Every instrument she heard under skilful handling tuned her soul to a different phase of enjoyment, till the varied emotions they evolved touched one another, and yet kept distinct, like the seven lovely colours of the prism. She was not carried away with them as she had been by the Oratorio, but she had not to fear the same depression when the excitement was over. Her father asked her if her discontent was banished.

"I was unreasonable to think I must have a full orchestra or nothing," she said, smiling.

"You have also had the advantage of hearing the instruments you yourself practice played on to perfection; you will aim at a higher excellence."

"Ah! my father, there is the pain of it! I did not know before how contemptible my own performances were. How can you who have listened to Mademoiselle Zillel and Dr. Githersen care to hear me? Surely it is but to please me you applaud. I see now that I never shall play sweetly in critical ears."

"Rubi, you are but fifteen; Mademoiselle Zillel must be twenty-five at least. Her instrument probably has been an altar on which her time, her energies, all her other talents have been sacrificed. Why heave a sigh because you may never equal her? Practise steadily every day, get into the soul of your studies, and if you are patient a few years must bring you to a high degree of excellence."

"Yes, but the excellence is always so far off."

"Ah, well! my child, others have to labour and to wait; so must you.

"I always seem," said Rubi, "to be waiting for something. I began with waiting for you, papa, and you must allow that I often have long and sick waiting for you. Then I have had to wait for other


things, but everyone tells me I shall get hold of the rainbow's end at last."

"When you do, I hope you'll be contented," said her father.

Theophile whispered to her before she went to sleep: "Admire the gifts of others as you will, but never envy them. If you have but little, occupy with that little. Do not fling the least of your talents away or put it in a napkin, lest you incur the condemnation of the unprofitable servant."

At that very moment the Baron's mind was engaged on the peculiarities of his daughter's character.

"She has her mother's keen susceptibility to joy," said he. "It might prove fatal to her also, were it not balanced by emotions that cause sorrow. In the mother it was never qualified by aspirations such as Rubi knows. Rubi lives in the future; she lived in the present. She thought not of herself; she simply breathed the atmosphere around her, and if it was exhilarating it intoxicated her. She sang out her song because to sing was good. She never asked if she were linnet, nightingale, or thrush. If her ear caught a richer, fuller strain, she ceased her own to *listen, and was made* still more happy by its fulness.



Oh ! why was she taken from me ? In her life Rubi would have found the joy that she has missed, and I should not have been compelled to seek for a relief to my perpetual heart-ache."

In a few days word came that the dear grandmother was made worse by fretting after Rubi ; that the physician feared if she did not return to her she would sink.

The Baron and his daughter obeyed the summons without an hour's delay.

They were affected by the new signs of sorrow and suffering that were traced upon the aged face ; and the Baron reproached himself, while Rubi tried to soothe her grandmother's excitement in finding that she again had her near her, by telling her that she would not leave her any more.

To herself she made a vow that she would not. So the bright visions that sharing her father's travels conjured up fast faded from her. Munich soon became a memory and a thing of the past.

She longed intensely to be free, but she was satisfied that she must not go abroad until she could do so without any sacrifice of duty. Her young, ardent spirit was afresh committed to long waiting, and much

it chafed beneath the discipline, the while the reflection that in this case the waiting might be only indeed for "a little longer" came with a peculiar pathos to her mind, chastening her for her rebellious thoughts.

Wherefore the angel Theophile never gave up hope.







"MY JEWELS," SAID RUBI.—ch. v., p. 29



## CHAPTER V.

### THE SICKNESS OF SUSPENSE.



It was Rubi's seventeenth birthday; and, arrived at the age when girlish beauty attains to its perfection, she was almost peerless. The attendants having retired, and left her alone with her father at the breakfast table, he uncovered a parcel that he had brought in with him, and disclosed the casket that had met her eyes ten years before. He unlocked it and put it before her. "Make your choice for the party to-night," he said; "and from this time wear what jewels you please. I trust to your discretion."

"My jewels!" said Rubi, and their associations brought tears into her eyes.



She examined them with her father, and heard a story relating to each one of them. She smiled to think how much less place they had occupied in her thoughts lately, than they did when she was a child; yet she valued them more truly at their worth, and the privilege of wearing them would not make her vain.

One long waiting time had passed—the period that at seven years of age seemed interminable. How many things she had waited for since! How true it was that Patience meant “Wait a little longer.”

The waiting must have an end. Yet, would it always terminate as to-day in possession, or would it sometimes bring the bitterness of disappointment? It was a wonder to many that a girl so accomplished and so indulged as Rubi had seen so little of the world. They did not know that to see her every day was necessary to her grandmother's peace of mind, and, therefore, to her life. The old lady exercised a tyranny over her that was strangely in contrast with the kindness of her palmier days; but she was in no way *responsible for it*, because her mind had lost its *clearness*.

That year there came to Rubi the maiden's dream of love. She was sought by one whom her girlish enthusiasm exalted into a demigod. She was so fascinated by the head of brass that she had no perception of the feet of clay. He was her ideal, or she fancied that he was, of all that was good and noble in manhood drawing to its early prime.

The Baron favoured his suit, and the young people were betrothed, though they were not for at least two years to marry.

Gottfried, for that was her lover's name, must by his father's wish make a voyage to Egypt, and not return to his native land until he had visited the principal places in Syria, Arabia, and Persia.

So he would be away a year. Rubi took her last walk with him round the castle grounds, but she did not give him any of the flowers that grew there. She gave him a little bunch of forget-me-nots that she had gathered for him in the green shade of the forest, and he gave her a ruby in a gold setting, and showed her how he wore one on his finger as a token that he was under ruby influences.

"Our tokens are equal only in their significance," *she said.*

"A year to-day, in this very place, at this very hour, we meet again," he answered.

"Agreed!" said Rubi, and they renewed their plight beneath a linden tree that had been a trysting place for lovers in the past.

Then he tore himself away and set off upon his travels, while Rubi returned to her castle to practise the kind of patience that meant "*Wait a little longer.*"

Theophile made it his opportunity; he sought to direct her heart into the patient waiting for another Bridegroom; but, alas! the Heavenly Bridegroom had not the attraction for her that the earthly had. Now, as she kept her loving watch over declining age, dreams of a golden future visited her, and she felt that she could never be too patient, too endearing with one who had lived her life. Life was so sweet a cup that it was sad to have exhausted it. Now, when she woke the strains of organ or of harp, there blended with them the harmonies of a higher nature than her own; and when she sought communion with the authors that she loved, she reflected proudly that she was adorning her mind to make it worthy of the promised fellowship *with one who had earned worthier laurels in the Cultur-Kampf.* She ceased to brood over her disappoint-

ment in not seeing the large cities of her own and other lands. To do so would be a joy for the future enhanced by the long denial.

And the year completed its round.

The day, the hour agreed on for the meeting under the linden came. A dreadful storm raged round the castle. The lightning seemed to glance into the ground and tear it up, yet Rubi had secretly found her way to the linden, in full expectation that Gottfried would be there before her. He came not. She was dismayed. Then she reassured herself by concluding that he would not expect her to encounter the storm. Probably he was even now awaiting her under a less romantic shelter.

She returned to the castle, but he was not within its walls.

It was long since she had heard from him and her heart grew sick with dread. She was ill. They said the exposure had thrown her in a fever, but her healthy young life soon triumphed over it, and again her heart returned to its appointed discipline of waiting.

Oh, this was waiting, such as Rubi had never before known! She smiled when she contrasted with it the sorrow *that* her father's absences had cost her. The

rose faded from her cheek, the light died in her eye, and no spot was so congenial to her as the room where her grandmother sat in silence and in semi-consciousness. No scene had the fascination for her of the sombre mountain-side with the funereal plumes of pine that nodded and bent to the wind, as if to give expression to an unutterable sadness.

Theophile tried to rouse her.

"Why sit you here so idly? Lethargy benumbs the faculties and is fatal to the soul. While you are waiting, work."

But she said, "I have no heart."

One night she noticed that many stars were to be seen changing places in the heavens. They shot hither and thither with swift suddenness.

"I could change my place with almost any low-born mortal," she said bitterly; "if by doing so I could lose my pain." She heard the servants say that they should hear some great people had been taken away that night. Rubi was not to hear of any illustrious demise, but a little after midnight her dear grandmother was summoned home.

*For an hour before she went, her mind came back to her, and shone from out her hollow eyes like lamps*

out of a cavern; but her face looked almost young again.

"I have waited long for the time of His appearing," she said softly; "but He has come at last."

"Did you know you were waiting, grandmamma?" asked Rubi.

"Yes, my child, I knew that I was waiting. You will be up and follow me."

She gave her a long last kiss, but did not seem to have any regrets.

For her selfishness had been unconscious, and where there is no sin, there need be no atonement. Rubi envied her now, because her waiting time was over. Life was so very bitter.





## CHAPTER VI.

### THEOPHILE WAITS AND PLEADS.



UBI being released from the sacred duty that kept her to the castle; her father took her abroad with him, hoping thereby to dissipate her grief. She tried to seem pleased for his sake, but the mirth of others was like thé “crackling of thorns under a pot” to her, and she entered on the highest pleasures with so little zest, that the Baron feared that the light of other days fading from her path had rendered her blind even to the sun. She seemed as glad to return to her castle as a snail is to hide within his shell. The writhings of her spirit in her solitude *had* but for witness the angel Theophile.

Truly he pitied her and would have comforted her, if the time had come for comfort; but he never doubted the wisdom of the discipline, or yearned to temper its severity.

The Will concerning her was Waiting : circumstances were working out the Will.

It was not his place to arraign the decree, as mortals will take it upon them to do. He must rather seek to sustain the soul when it was passing through the fiery trial and educate it, so that by its means it might graduate into the "faith and patience of the saints."

And how long did Rubi obstinately put from her the strength that he would fain have given! She must have sunk into utter sloth and unprofitableness had he not smitten her with the hardest censures. The still, small voice in which guardian-angels speak swelled into the clarion-blast used to awaken the dead in sin, as he again adjured her :

"While you are waiting, work."

He showed her that she had talents to improve, a personal influence to exert; that among her lands were hungry children to be fed and sick and poor to be visited.



So, from very fear and shame, Rubi could no longer resign herself to her idleness. Her heart was never in her work, but she imposed toils on her head and feet and hands, which they executed, if indifferently.

She brought many blessings on herself that she felt she did not deserve, yet the guardian angel never gave up hope.

Three years passed by on leaden wing, bringing no news of him whom she yet believed was her true love, if in life.

Only once did she see his parents, and the count, his father, parried her enquiries. He neither believed that Gottfried was dead nor that he was a prisoner; but he said to Rubi :

“Thou hadst better forget him.”

“Forget him! never!” said the heart-broken girl. “If I had my wish and I could die, I would go hence with his name upon my lips.”

At the end of three years sure tidings of him were sorrowfully conveyed by his father to the father of his long betrothed. He had broken faith with Rubi; he was unworthy a daughter of the Fatherland. *He had made a barbaric choice, and was united to a soft, languishing oriental beauty, who had brought*

him great riches in diamonds and pearls, and a heart and mind as uncultured as may well be, in a land where Woman is regarded as a toy, and the only object that she has in view is to please him who shall be both her lover and her tyrant.

So this term of waiting had ended, but with a crash of disappointment. Could Rubi survive it? She did, for she was destined to survive it; but the look of anxious expectancy in her face changed to an expression of intense bitterness, and the sweet curves of her girlish lips hardened into lines that told of inward revolt, which only a dominant pride kept from bursting over the bounds of womanly reserve.

“Ill-fated creature that I am!” she said; “doomed from the cradle to be the dupe of eager anticipation, every nerve kept on the tension of waiting for food for my heart’s hunger and water for my soul’s thirst. Ah! why in the end have I to be blighted, heart-broken, with no prospect before me but to drag out the long years that may remain of a desolated womanhood? Did I not school myself to patience? Did I not pray? Did I not rouse myself to work? *Oh! how can God bear to be so happy in Heaven*

and see the creatures that His hands have made endure such agonies upon the earth!"

"Hush, thou rebellious spirit!" said Theophile; "out of thy darkness do not dare to arraign Him who has created thee, and from thy beginning has foreseen thy end. It is His will to make thee partaker of His happiness when thou art partaker of His holiness. Art thou ready for it? Thou spurnest from thee His love because of its severity, His grace because of its mystery. Would His ornaments become thee now better than my mother's jewels had become thee when thou first entreated for them? Moreover, thou preferrest the earthly and the false to the heavenly and the true. Oh! be still even under His chastening, thou child of especial love! Practise the sweet lesson of thy childhood as thou didst learn it from thy father's lips. A little longer wait patiently for Him, and the night of thy weeping shall come to an end."

It was a hard lesson to Rubi, and long as she had pored over it she had not mastered it.

In vain the Baron took her from one gay city to *another*. In vain he bore her to the snow-line of *the Alps*, or to the shores that at even lie in a violet

twilight, and at midday dazzle the eye with their expanse of sparkling waters and their snowy cupolas. Comfort was not in these for a grief like hers. Her wound was beyond their healing.

Time, that slow physician, deadened its shooting pain, and hid the scars of it from view, as gently as he covers over with green moss the scars in an aged oak. So Rubi lived her life with what fortitude she could command; and, barren as it was to herself, she sought at Theophile's bidding to make it fruitful to others.

If Love had taken up the "harp of life" and taught her some new strains, Sorrow also passed her hand over the strings and touched deeper and more thrilling chords than had as yet been essayed, and she did not let them.

"Pass in music out of sight."

She gathered them up and found solace in repeating them. So she grew into that maturity of youth which verges on what may be called early middle age, when a strange reverse of fortune threatened her, and the hopes and fears that started up alarmed were kept long in a state of tension ere *suspense was changed for certainty.*



## CHAPTER VII.

### WAITING FOR A VERDICT.

**T**HERE returned from a far country a prodigal who knocked at the gates of his ancestral home, and was not to be made glad by fatted calf and bread, so long as the cousin who had been enriched and ennobled by his supposed death lived there as its master. He claimed to be the lawful heir, and had only to prove it to take possession. At first his pretensions were scouted. Had not the old Baron after long mourning for him received news that he was dead? If report had lied, why so late in *the day* had he returned to the Fatherland? Why *starve* abroad, when he might be rich at home?

Clearly he was an impostor, and had better go back into obscurity by the way that he came out of it, if that were not committing him to a pathway of lies. Compulsory service under the Turks, a long and romantic imprisonment by some Greek brigands who made good use of him, but as he was growing old, wearied of him and set him free under promise of ransom money, which they saw clearly would not be forthcoming from any other source, were the reasons which he assigned for his long exile.

For some time his story received no credence, but events transpired which gave it an air of probability. Friends gathered around him. Lovers of fairplay promised to see him righted, and finally a law suit was instituted that the dispute between the accepted heir and the *soi-disant* one might be fully investigated. An anxious time this for the Baron von Edelstein and for his daughter Rubi. The case was perplexed, and therefore it was protracted.

"If we lose it," said the Baron, "we lose all. The very jewels, Rubi, that I had reset for your dear mother will be forfeited, and may become the property of any low woman that this insolent pretender introduces as his wife. In my declining years

I shall be poor and dishonoured, and you will be brought down to all but penury. The thought is more than I can endure. I shall end my days heart-broken."

"Ah! say not so, my dear father, for what shall I do without you? Possibly this man is the Von Edelstein that we thought was dead; and, let him be ever so bad, I know that in your heart's innermost, dear father, you would wish the truth to be proven, however disastrous the consequences may be to us."

"They will be disastrous to the whole Barony if he comes into it," said the Baron, fiercely. "A low fellow, who has passed his prime among Turks and infidels, and has no conscience for duty either to God or to his neighbours."

Rubi trembled for her father.

The agony of the suspense bleached his hair and furrowed his brow. The patience of the judges was worn out; fresh witnesses started up confounding one another. Sometimes the claimant's side was in the ascendant, sometimes the Baron's; but it seemed as *if the trial never would come to an end.*

*Rubi thought that a decision, if it went against*

them, would be more endurable than this terrible ordeal of waiting.

Yet she passed through it more patiently and with a sweeter air of resignation than she had passed through other trials of the kind. Theophile reminded her of a treasure-house where no thief could break through nor steal, and bade her lay up her most precious things within its jewelled walls. Often did she repeat the prayers that she had been taught by him, or by that Holy Spirit who might have charged Theophile with folly, and before Whom he would have hidden his face behind his wings. And the sweet thoughts Theophile whispered to her in her saddest moments she essayed to carry to her father, as timidly as if they were little love messages. "If we lose all, we shall have God, and He is never so near to His children as when they have nothing left besides Himself. It is written, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,' and those words are meant for us."

"Keep fast hold of this confidence, my dear child," said the Baron. "Forgive me if I can't yet enter into it. You don't know what the change will be to us as well as I do; but if you are to know, you will know soon enough, and I will not distress you by the anticipation."



Rubi saw that her father apprehended the worst. The chain of evidence in the claimant's favour had become more complete. At last not one link was missing. He was restored to his patrimony, and the Baron, who had unconsciously usurped his place, had to resign in his favour the wealth, honours, and baronial privileges that he had so long enjoyed. The dispossessed lord went forth from the castle proudly, followed by the tears and blessings of those to whom the very shadow of his name had been a shelter from want and from oppression, and over whom his rule had been almost paternal. Rubi could not restrain her tears, but she smiled through them, that her father might know that the sun was still in the heavens.

"Let us go among friends," she pleaded.

"No ; I would rather bear my altered circumstances among strangers," was the firm reply.

"Those who know you and what you have been will best sympathize with you. They will at least show most respect."

"Child, you do not know the world. From this hour we are exiles. We have laid aside our state. We *must dispense* with much that we have all our lives *thought necessary* to us. We must go where the

opinions of others affect us the least ; so we will journey on until we get among those who, speaking our language, are as indifferent to us as foreigners."

They journeyed on to Heidelberg, and there they halted. It was their destination, and Rubi was thankful, for she was very weary. Here a new page of existence had to be turned over ; a life of privation and of painful exigency had to be endured silently and as it were in the dark. The Baron's wounded pride could accept it, such as it was, but it could not stoop to have it mitigated by any of the toils with which so many of his fellow-creatures procured their comforts and enjoyments.

Rubi was fain for his sake to take her place among world-workers, and to trade with an education that was a fortune in itself, but his unfortunate fastidiousness forbade.

A false "noblesse oblige" compelled him to indulge in an aristocratic idleness, all unrelieved as it was by aristocratic pursuits and pleasures. It was bad for him ; doubly so for the young Rubi ; but his will was strong, and she could not openly defy it. So from the fifth-storey windows of a long and narrow house she *watched the come and go of people in the streets,*

wondering if any of them were so lonely as she was.

She tried still, while she was waiting for some new event, to work ; but, poor and unknown, her opportunities were limited, and she had a hard struggle with herself before she could leave her father's side to go among the indigent with an empty hand, but with a heart full of sympathy, and words that were the prompting of her unseen but constant friend. Yet she gained courage when she saw that she was welcome, and the stories that she brought from sick beds and troubled homes to her father had their mission to him, though he knew it not. He lent a kindly ear to them, and was always regretting that he could not do his part with his silver and his gold.

He forgot the "Such as I have" of Peter and John—words that ought to be inscribed on many a Gate Beautiful. Theophile kept Rubi in mind of them, that in the day of adversity she might not be either barren or unfruitful.





"WONDERING IF ANY OF THEM WERE AS LONELY AS SHE WAS."—P. 48





## CHAPTER VIII.

### WAITING FOR THE WORLD.

**F**ROM the foregoing it may be inferred that the education of Rubi's soul had progressed, even to the satisfaction of her guardian angel. But it was not so ; patience had not done its perfect work on her as yet. If she behaved well when her earthly possessions were swept away, and she went with her stricken father into exile, it was partly because the spirit had been broken by a bitterer disappointment, following upon a more prolonged and anguished term of waiting.

No trials could, in her estimation, bear any comparison to that. The pleasures of life had been poisoned

to her; she had grown indifferent to the luxuries attendant on her rank.

Save on her father's account, she did not shrink from poverty as tremulously as she might have done. The keenest of her suffering was for him.

Yet she had not been separated from the scenes and associations in which she had grown up without a severe wrench. She missed her hillside and her forest, and the dear familiar faces, though the sun and stars were left. And the refinements of a high civilization; the consecration to the beautiful of every object assigned for use; all the delicate upper-class machinery for

“Softening the world to her uses,  
And tempering the wind to her touch”;

the means of gratifying elegant and scholarly tastes, were too truly conditions to which Rubi was born, and of which she was constitutionally emulous, for her to be divorced from them without experiencing a perpetual sense of want. Yet she bore it quietly, as one who knew a deeper want might well bear it.

As long as her father was left to her, she thought *that no trial could be too much for her fortitude, and so thinking she essayed a pathway that might well be*

guarded by its thorns. Yet mortals are rash, and little less than a flaming cherubin with a drawn sword will daunt a heart that feels the stirrings of ambition.

Rubi's long slumbering ambition had awakened, refreshed as a giant from his sleep.

Shadowy imaginings that had come and gone in the forest and in the quiet chamber of old age came back to her. Sweet notes wrung from her by sorrow were harped over in her ear. The passionate dream of love, its disappointment, the unsatisfied thirst for knowledge, all that she had ever known and felt, were as tributaries to the full stream of inspiration whereon her soul was borne outward from its cares.

Then she bowed her head over her hands reverently; then tears of gladness gathered in her eyes, as she thought that she too had found her vocation.

She was a captive bird of broken wing, but it was well. God had darkened her cage that she might sing. He had shown her that she had that within her which might upraise and charm the world, and yield her, as its generator, the power to sweeten her father's last declining days.

The sense of it gave her joy, and joy is strength; so *she lifted up her voice and sang before the portals of*



the great, waiting for their recognition. She sang and sang; sang alone; sang amid many singers of inferior note, but her pauses were only painful to herself. For long there was no token that any one had heard another voice upraised. Her song grew more plaintive, more passionate in its urgency; but it awoke no echoes. Then she turned away in her wounded pride and scorn.

“I will not seek the favour of the great,” she said. “I will lift my voice among the toiling children of men. It will help them, and they will give me a portion of their corn and oil.” Alas, they had no ears for her! The noise of them that bought and sold was too deafening. Their dull sense was too much engrossed.

Oh, the weary pilgrimages she made! the heartbreak she endured! the anger that appealed to heaven even; but in vain!

I cannot tell you all she went through. I have read somewhere of a poor little warbler in Sweden, who sang her song one new year’s night in the ear of a man whose soul was out of tune with it, and was rewarded by some red hot coin dropped in her tender *palm*.

*So from a height gold was sometimes doled to Rubi,*

but it came to her with the breath and touch of fire. She had wellnigh died with anger and with pain, with shame at the world's cruelty, when some bade her not despair; gave her the wine of a new hope; told her that fame and all that it could bring would be hers, if she would but wait a little longer.

They had listened to her, and they knew that she had a very pleasant voice.

So she sang again and waited; sang often and waited. The attention of a few were drawn. Some sneered; others put to her lips the sparkling cup of success, and dashed it to the earth ere she had touched its brim. Those who had recognized her merits, and bidden her to fulfil her destiny, said not one word that could aid her in the struggle. At length she despaired. She swooned when the tension had been too sharp. When she recovered a beautiful picture was painted inside the windows of her soul. She saw it outside them, and followed it.

Flattering voices assisted the delusion. It should be hers to grasp it if she would only sing. Singing, she followed till she was footsore and weary, pursuing it and yet seeing it ever a little beyond her reach, till *with the night* it melted into its shadows like the

mirage of the desert, and she was left alone with her weariness and the persistent baffling of her long endeavour. Not once only, but twice, thrice, and many times was she mocked with the same delusion. In the long waiting she was sustained by hope, to be plunged again into despair.

Oh, it was weary waiting that! It wasted Rubi as the waiting for love had done. Her heart grew hot and rebellious beneath it, and sometimes it seemed as if the life in it would die away altogether; yet the guardian-angel never gave up hope.

Years passed, every year finding the prematurely aged Baron feebler, and less able to cope with his infirmities and the restrictions of his poverty.

Rubi prayed passionately that at "eventide there might be light"; that some of his comforts might be restored ere he was taken hence. Through a long, wasting illness she still hoped that a success might come to her which should prove a life elixir for him; but in vain. The earthly was denied him, while the heavenly was administered to him in a perpetual sacrament; and when she closed his eyes she knew that *he had gone to a better inheritance than the one he had lost; but that he would not return to her.*

She was indeed alone.

Theophile folded both his bright wings round her, and she thought the sunlight was too strong for a chamber of the dead.

She drew the blinds closer, but she could not banish that sunlight unless her guardian-angel gave up hope, and this he never did. He was content to wait a little longer, if she was not. She often contended with him as with an unseen force; yet for all her rebellion she never refused to say the prayers he taught her, and often did she ask that these prayers might be sincere. Souls like that never can be lost, for they are daily growing whiter, though they perceive it not.





## CHAPTER IX.

### PATIENT WAITING FOR CHRIST.



HO is this that stands in the carved niche of her lattice in the home of early youth, holding up her white drapery as she looketh to the East ?

Why keeps she the flaming lamp in hand, when she is gazing into the darkness of the night ?

Who is she, this woman with deep-lined brow and white hair and stooping form ?

It is Rubi von Edelstein in her life-long attitude of waiting ; but she is waiting now for the Heavenly *Bridegroom*, and her sorrows are almost at an end. *She has stood there waiting long.* At first her eyes

were bent often on her lamp in fear that its flame would go out, and on her white raiment in fear that it might be caught by anything that defileth; but now her care of these is less anxious. Her eye is bent wholly on the coming of Him whom she loves, her ear is strained to catch the first sound of His chariot wheels. Expectant as she looks, she is at peace. Earth voices are loud about her now, but she hears them, heeds them not.

“He is the chiefest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely,” she says to those who question her.

“Whom have I in Heaven but Thee, and there is none upon earth I desire beside Thee,” she murmurs at intervals.

She is no longer beautiful to those who remember her in her youth, but she is many times more beautiful in the eyes of the angel Theophile. He tells her that the King of Heaven greatly desires her beauty, and her summons will not tarry long. The token is given her. Her face pales, but not with fear.

“It is over. The long waiting is at an end. I have fulfilled the time of His patience. I thought it long

and dreary, but, oh, how short!" she says. "The years have passed like a tale that is told." "I am coming, my Lord, my King."

"Beati qui veniunt" and "their works do follow them," chants a throng of mourning worshippers; but from that lattice there passes into the night and into the Immortal Day not one spirit, but two.

Theophile's mission is over. He has bound her to her appointed discipline, that she might be "made perfect through sufferings."

The end is answered. He will retire before the faithful Bridegroom of the soul, whose only it is to present her faultless in a Presence where sorrow with its sad necessity shall never find a place.

She knows now the secret of her life, of what she often called her destiny. She knows who stood by her to upbraid and comfort her. She knows so much more than we can tell.

We cannot follow her further; but may all to whom her discipline is appointed be purified and made white as she has been, that they may rejoice with her in its divine issues and profit by it for evermore.

BOOKS BY SARSON C. J. INGHAM.

---

## DR. BLANDFORD'S CONSCIENCE.

*Large Post 8vo. Cloth, Price 5s.*

---

"'Dr. Blandford's Conscience' proves its writer to be possessed of no ordinary reflective power. In her pages are to be found the traces of much deep thought, which is brought to bear on many of the most abstruse problems of spiritual and mental life."—*Morning Post*.

"Our admiration was excited by the cleverness of the story, the ability of the writer, the full mastery shown of the philosophical questions and facts in dispute, and the thorough knowledge displayed of theological truth, and of religious thought, sentiment, and practice."—*Family Churchman*.

"This tale will be highly esteemed by all who can read and enjoy a good religious story. The description of the rustic love-feast near the beginning of the story is masterly. The tale is interesting, able, and healthy."—*Literary World*.

"From the first page to the last it is laden with precious spiritual lessons. In not a few of its chapters there is a heart-searching power which cannot fail to make it an instrument of the highest good. The author has a deft and dainty touch."—*Christian Leader*.

"This is a fine specimen of a story with a moral, and it is written in a thoroughly bracing and elevating tone throughout the whole of its forty-five chapters. It deserves to be widely read."—*Liverpool Mercury*.

"A thrilling story illustrating the mischief which may be wrought by a sceptical mind."—*Sword and Trowel*.

"This is one of the most powerful religious stories we have ever read."—*Christian Miscellany*.

"The reader will lay down this book with a fresh and healthy appetite for a further effort from the same pen."—*Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette*.

---

London : JAMES NISBET & Co., 21, BERNERS STREET, W.



BOOKS BY SARSON C. J. INGHAM.

---

# CÆDMON'S VISION

AND OTHER POEMS.

*Fcap. 8vo., Cloth, Price 5s.*

---

London : KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & Co., 1, Paternoster Square.

---

## SELINA'S STORY :

A POEM.

*Fcap. 8vo., Cloth, Price 5s., with Frontispiece.*

"There can be no question about the intellectual vigour displayed in this poem. The author has power of subtle analysis, can trace out with great clearness the effect of recondite impressions, and now and then passes into lyrical utterance with great truthfulness and musical fervour. She has marked descriptive power also. One or two of the lyrics are very beautiful and suggestive, penetrated by a sort of unforced symbolism which is not easily exhaustive."—*British Quarterly Review*.

"The style is pure and refined, and often exceedingly eloquent, many passages of great beauty occurring, descriptive of natural scenery. It is good both as a poem and as a tale. We wish it many thoughtful readers and large success."—*The English Independent*.

"The narrative is so well told, and is so interwoven with bright and beautiful thoughts, that it will certainly repay perusal. The work is evidently the product of a thoughtful and gifted mind, and may fairly be ranked with poetry of a high order."—*The Rock*.

"Written in verse, which sometimes rises into real eloquence and force. The authoress has a glowing rhetoric at her command, which sometimes puts us in mind of the great poem 'Aurora Leigh.'"—*The Spectator*.

---

London : HODDER & STOUGHTON, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

BOOKS BY SARSON C. J. INGHAM.

## THE WHITE CROSS AND DOVE OF PEARLS.

SEVENTH EDITION.

*Large Post 8vo., Cloth, Price 5s.*

" 'The White Cross and Dove of Pearls' will not disappoint the expectation of those who may already have formed justly high opinions of this strikingly original and sympathetic writer's ability to interest, to amuse, and to elevate her readers. . . . We can hardly think that any one would follow this story without being touched by its deep love of humanity, its tenderness, and its vague though unmistakable impression of mental suffering."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"One of the best examples of its kind we remember to have met with."—*Scotsman*.

"Those who will care for a book which will make them think, and which offers, besides, many charms of diction and poetic style, will cordially welcome 'The White Cross and Dove of Pearls.'"—*The English Independent*.

"A succession of scenes drawn with the fidelity of the old Flemish masters, and replete with passion and power of a kind rare indeed in such stories. As we peruse the touching story, at times intensely pathetic, we are surprised at the curious knowledge of the human heart in incidental masterly touches. The photographs of character are entitled to high praise. The story is a fine one, and finely told."—*Inquirer*.

"The author of this romantic tale appears to write with ease and fluency. It evinces talent and thoughtful piety, and is well intentioned, its end being to benefit no less than entertain."—*Record*.

"In reading this we thought of the 'Mill on the Floss,' and the compliment, the highest that can now be paid to a novelist, is well deserved. It is excellent, and in her sketches of the peasantry the authoress is very successful."—*Oxford University Herald*.

"The canvas is crowded with figures all strongly marked, and the great majority freely and naturally drawn. The chief merit of the story, however, is that it is a story, a tale. The writer seems to be so taken up with her narrative as to mind nothing else."—*Morning Advertiser*.

"The author of the able poem entitled 'Selina's Story' again comes before the public as a writer, not of verse this time, but of fiction. The theme of the story is one that has often been told before, but still it is here treated in such a bright, clever manner, that it seems to come to the reader as something quite unheard of hitherto."—*Bell's Weekly Messenger*.

"We are well pleased to make the acquaintance of the author of 'Selina's Story'—which was a poem with music in it—in the guise of a writer of fiction. It has given us real pleasure in the perusal, and the reader may be assured that the critic cannot say that of the majority of novels of the day. . . . We hope before long to meet its author again. . . . The author of 'The White Cross and Dove of Pearls' has high qualities as a novelist."—*Literary World*.

London : HODDER & STOUGHTON, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

BOOKS BY SARSON C. J. INGHAM.

---

## LAURA LINWOOD; or, The Price of an Accomplishment.

THIRD EDITION.

*Crown 8vo., Cloth, with Frontispiece, 5s.*

"The story is cleverly written."—*Guardian*.

"Well written and interesting."—*Court Circular*.

"The tale is very readable, skilfully imagined, and, we are afraid, of a needed purpose."—*Nonconformist*.

"A most interesting story, which is certain to be a great favourite with the ladies, indeed with all who care for novels with a purpose: written in a pure and elevating religious vein."—*Dundee Advertiser*.

---

London: HODDER & STOUGHTON, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

---

## Blind Olive; or, Dr. Greyvill's Infatuation.

*Fcap. 8vo., Price 2s.*

"The style is elegant, and the plot complete. Tenderness of sentiment and purity of tone pervade the whole. We heartily recommend 'Blind Olive' to all the lovers of pure and refined fiction."—*Literary World*.

---

London: PARTRIDGE & Co., 9, Paternoster Row, E.C.

---

## SOUL ECHOES; or, Reflected Influence.

*Price 3s. 6d.*

"Sarson is unmistakably endowed with genius."—*City Road Magazine*.

"Her story is very well told, and the design is of a high character."—*British Quarterly Review*.

"A charming story."—*Public Opinion*.

"This is simply another, but a very beautiful and true, illustration of the analogy that invariably exists between natural and spiritual things—the modern material doctrine of the conservation of forces transferred to the domain of morals."—*The Weekly Review*.

---

London: PARTRIDGE & Co., 9, Paternoster Row, E.C.

BOOKS BY SARSON C. J. INGHAM.

---

## WAITING : An Allegorical Story.

*Royal 16mo., Cloth Gilt, Gilt Edges, 1s.*

### CHAPTERS.

I. The Will. II. The Discipline Begins. III. The Meaning of Patience. IV. Excellence always Far Off. V. The Sickness of Suspense. VI. Theophile Waits and Pleads. VII. Waiting for a Verdict. VIII. Waiting for the World. IX. Patient Waiting for Christ.

### ILLUSTRATIONS BY GUNSTON.

“As angels sigh, Theophile sighed.” “What is patience, papa?”  
“My jewels!” said Rubi.” “Wondering if any of them were as lonely as she was.”

---

WESLEYAN METHODIST SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION,  
London : 2, Ludgate Circus Buildings, E.C.; 2, Castle St., City Rd., E.C.

---

## THE ARCHER'S CHANCE SHOT.

*Frontispiece. Royal 16mo., Cloth Gilt, 1s.*

### CHAPTERS.

I. Friends in Spite of Rome. II. An Opportune Visit. III. A Nail in a Sure Place. IV. The Entrance of Thy Word giveth Light. V. A Painful Discovery. VI. An Unwelcome Gift. VII. Not all in Vain. VIII. Rosa Wishes to Enter a Convent. IX. The Newly-Found Treasure Tested. X. The New Picture. XI. Not to be Denied. XII. It is Jesus Only.

---

WESLEYAN METHODIST SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION,  
London : 2, Ludgate Circus Buildings, E.C.; 2, Castle St., City Rd., E.C.

BOOKS BY SARSON C. J. INGHAM.

---

## ELEANOR'S AMBITION.

*Frontispiece. Crown 8vo., Cloth Gilt, 1s. 6d.*

### CHAPTERS.

I. Random Shots. II. Taking Occasion by the Hand. III. At the Bible Class. IV. Anna Fitton. V. Sowing Seeds of Kindness. VI. Waiting Mendicants. VII. Nettie Trevelyhan. VIII. A Cœur-à-Cœur. IX. Not all Loss. X. Learning and Unlearning. The Epilogue.

---

WESLEYAN METHODIST SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION,  
London : 2, Ludgate Circus Buildings, E.C.; 2, Castle St., City Rd., E.C.

---

## ADELAIDE'S TREASURE, -AND HOW THE THIEF CAME UNAWARES.

*Crown 8vo. Illustrated. Price 2s.*

"It has many passages of great force and beauty. . . . this touchingly told story."—*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*.

"A valuable help to all who are struggling to lift themselves higher."—*The Christian*.

"Told with all that charm of style and diction for which the writings of the author are remarkable."—*Irish Evangelist*.

---

## A PLEDGE THAT REDEEMED ITSELF.

*Crown 8vo. Numerous Illustrations. Cloth, Gilt Edges.  
Price 2s. 6d.*

"We are informed in the preface that it is 'an etching from life,' and we can well believe it, for it bears all the marks of a genuine study of living men and women."—*Literary World*.

"One of the most interesting and powerfully-written stories we have read."—*Christian Age*.

---

T. WOOLMER;  
London : 2, Castle Street, City Road; and 66, Paternoster Row.





